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1143

Vol. II.—No. 47. MANCHESTER, Saturday, July 3rd. Price One Penny.

VOWEL A WASHING MACHINE,
A very useful and popular Family Machine, price £3 10s.; with newly-improved India-rubber Wringer, extra strong, £5. 12s. complete.—See Catalogue.
BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester.

VOWEL E COMBINED WASHING, WRINGING, & MANGLING MACHINE,
Price £8. 8s.; efficient, simple, and of acknowledged superiority.—See list of prize medals awarded.
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With improvements, perfect as a Wringer, unequalled as a Mangle.—CATHEDRAL STEPS, MANCHESTER.

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Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
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Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
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Of every description, in new and choice designs.
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In great variety.
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Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

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As Exhibited at the great Exhibition 1851. Silver Prize Medal Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society. Silver Prize Medal Middleton Agricultural Society.
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Works: Upper Medlock-street Hulme.

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11s. PER DOZEN,
BOTTLES INCLUDED.
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WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street,
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EXCLUSIVELY USED in the ROYAL LAUNDRY, and HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS says, that it is THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
Awarded Prize Medal for its Superiority.
WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH,
See that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted.
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BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
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In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

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Just received, a Consignment of the
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READY-COOKED
MUTTON & BEEF,
SOLD WITHOUT BONE,
In 6lb. TINS, at 3s. 9d. per TIN,
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Respectfully invites his Friends and the Public to inspect his very choice Stock of Spring Goods.

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Schneider und Hutmacher,
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ersucht höflichst die-Deutchen Herren in Manchester, und Umgegend sein Grosses Lager in gewählten Fruhlings-Waaren anzusehen.

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Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.
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TRICHANOPHRON
Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

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ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.
One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.
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GOLDEN TINCTURE,
For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,
For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

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CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.
Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.
Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.
Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

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Tailors and Habit Makers,
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Gladstone Buildings.

S. & J. PRESTWICH
BEG to call the attention of Intending Purchasers of VELOCIPEDES to their PATENT PRIZE MEDAL MACHINE, which combines the best possible material and workmanship, with thorough stability.—Can be seen, and other particulars obtained,
At 13, MARSDEN SQUARE;
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DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING SUMMER BEVERAGES can be made at home, with the
NEW PATENT GAZOGENE,
PRICE 10s.
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McCANEY & CO.,
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At 10d., 11d., and 1s. per lb.
EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.
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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS during MAY and JUNE.

THE CLUBS OF MANCHESTER:—
1. The Conservative.
2. The Union.
3. The Albert.
4. The Clarendon.
5. The Freemasons'.

HOLIDAY NOTES:—
1. Wastdale and Christopher North.
2. The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
3. A Walk to Rostherne.
4. Ambleside, and Hartley Coleridge.
5. Disley and Lyme Hall.
6. Paris as seen by a Manchester Man. Chap. I–II.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MANCHESTER STAGE:—
1. Actors and Managers.
2. Jim Browne: Marie Wilton.
3. The Leclercqs and the Paynes.

CHURCHES AND PREACHERS:—
The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
A Morning with the Unitarians (Rev. W. Herford).
A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. J. Hyde).
Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
A Children's Chapel.
Whit-Sunday at St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse).
The Stowell Memorial Church.
Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).

THE DRAMA:—
After Dark at the Royal.
The Amateur Actors at the Athenæum.
The King o' Scots at the Prince's.
Miss Bateman.
Mr. Bandmann as Hamlet.
Mr. Phelps.
School at the Prince's.
Caste " "

DESCRIPTIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS:—
The Conservative Demonstration.
A Bicycle Race in the Free Trade Hall.
Miss Lydia Becker and Mrs. Cassidy.
Good Friday on the Bowdon Line.
Crossing Swords with H.M. Inniskillings.
A Seance with the Spiritualists.
The Bible Christians and their Graveyard.
Greengate.
The Cathedral.
Umbrellas.
Young Lady Friendships.
Whit-week and the Sunday Schools.
Blackballs and Bankers.
Lancashire Worthies: I. John Byrom.
" " II. "
Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
Lords and Commons.
May-Day at Knutsford.
The Cumbrian and Westmoreland Wrestlers.
A Book of Confessions.
Owens College Athletic Sports.
The Flower Show at the Botanical Gardens.
The Derby.
Holidays.
A Parley about "Parlez Vous."
Co-operators in Balloon Street.
Whit-week Holiday-makers.
The Cathedral Organ.
To Erin's Isle. By Edwin Waugh.
Laughter.
A Whit-week Episode.
The County Cricket Match at Old Trafford.
A Legal Farce, in Three Acts.
Cruelty to Animals.
Our New J.P.'s.
The Grammar School: How the Capitation Scheme Works.
Velocipede Contests at the Amphitheatre.
The Poultry Market.

RHYMES, SONGS, AND BALLADS:—
In an Attic.
The Man Himself (Sensation Music Hall Song).
The Happy Days of Childhood.
Sir Wright and the Bey. By our Bab Balladist.
Der Boet's Barty (after Hans Breitmann).
A Good Samaritan.
Scandal-cum-Dip.

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CLASSES are being held in Latin, Greek, French, Astronomy, and Drawing.
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Can be supplied with
WHEEL TIMBER of the finest description
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THURMAN'S BENT TIMBER WORKS,
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NO MORE DEAR MEAT.—Important to heads of families. Just arrived from Australia, the finest Mutton in the world. Fully 3d. per lb. cheaper than English. In Tins, 7½d. per lb.; smaller quantities, 8d. per lb., COOKED & WITHOUT BONE.
WILLIAM T. BAX, Provision Merchant,
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EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862
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Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
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Silver Levers at £4., £5., £6., £7., £8., £9., & £10. each.
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An Assortment of GOLD ALBERTS and CHAINS.
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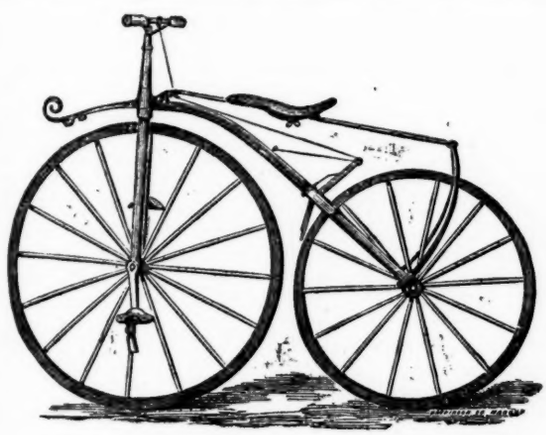

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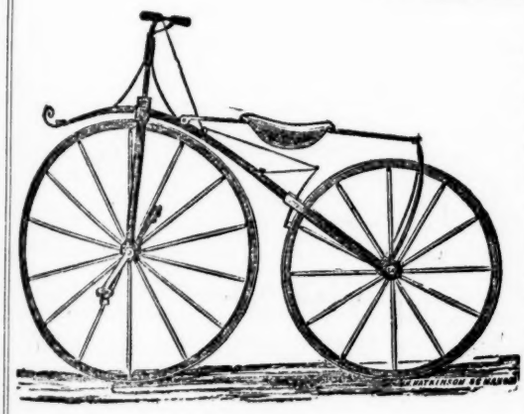

THE NATIONAL VELOX COMPANY beg to announce that they have **OPENED** the immense basement of the **FREE TRADE HALL,** for the **SALE** and **HIRE** of their Patent Two-wheeled VELOCIPEDE, the "VELOX," which is cheaper, and in many respects better than those of other makers. Purchasers of the "VELOX" are allowed the free use, until perfect, of the Great Hall (nearly a quarter of an acre in extent). The National Velox Company also HIRE Velocipedes, by the hour, to the general public, at a small charge. Every facility given for Tournament practice. Gentlemen who have bought other makersf Velocipedes, and require practice, will do well to avail themselves o' this opportunity, as they will have a perfectly level floor, great space, allowing the highest possible speed to be attained, and seclusion.

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R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GREAT OUTFIT ESTABLISHMENT,

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Having had 32 years' experience in the Underclothing Manufactures, will be a guarantee for goods worthy of the pre-eminence to which his establishment has attained.

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Long Night Dresses, in dozens, half dozens, or singly, 2s. 6½d. to 8s. 6d.
Ditto, with frills, 2s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 12s.
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LADIES' LONGCLOTH PETTICOATS.

With Tucks, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
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FLANNEL PETTICOATS.

Lancashire, 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 10s. 6d.
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Coloured, ditto, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., to 36s.
Silk, Satin, Eider Down, Arctic, and a great variety of Fancy Skirts, at nominal prices.

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Several Hundred, French Manufacture .. 4½d.
Ditto ditto .. 6½d.
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Ditto ..... 1s.
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Great Variety of Sleeping Nets.

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Flannel Jackets, 7s. 11d., 9s. 11d., to 18s. 11d.
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Twill ..... 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
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Lambs' Wool ..... 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.

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Merino Vests and Drawers, complete. 10s. 11d. to 15s. 0d.

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Thread, German make, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
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Silk, 5s. 11d., 7s. 6d., to 16s. 6d.
Cotton, 3½d., 8½d., 11½d., to 3s. 6d.
Merino, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 5s.
Lambs' Wool, 1s. 6d., 2s., to 4s. 6d.
These are from the most celebrated Makers.

BABY LINEN.

Infant Shirts, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 8½d., 10d., 11½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Cotton Binders, 4½d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., to 2s.
Flannel, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 2s. 6d.
Flannel Barrows, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., to 25s.
Long Petticoats, 1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., to 15s.
Night Caps, 4½d., 6d., 7½d., 10½d., to 5s.
French Cambric Caps, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., to 15s.
Hair Cord Gowns, 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. to 10s. 6d.
Calico Night Gowns, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
Monthly Robes, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., 15s., 17s. 11d., 21s., to £6. 10s. each.

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CHRISTENING ROBES, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 11d., 15s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to 160s.
FRENCH MERINO CLOAKS, braided, quilted, and trimmed, all of great beauty, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6., 12s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d., 21s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 60s., 90s., to 170s.
BEAUTIFUL HOODS and HATS, in CASHMERE, Silk, Velvet, and Felt, 1s. 4½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., to 30s.
SILK and VELVET BONNETS, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., to 15s.
90 dozen White Brussels and other Falls, 4½d., to 21s.
Quilted Bibs, 3d., 4d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 6s. 6d.

SHORT CLOTHES.

Round Shirts, 6½d., 7d., 8½d., 10½d., 1s., 2s., 3s., to 4s. 6d.
Stays, 4½d., 5½d., 6½d., 8½d., to 2s. 11d.
Calico Petticoats, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., to 8s. 6d.
Flannel ditto, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 10s. 6d.

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Chemise, Banded, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., to 5s.
Ditto, Fancy Fronts, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 15s.
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Flannel ditto, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., to 18s.
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Day Shirts, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., to 6s. 6d.
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Linen Collars, 3½d., 5½d., to 7½d.
Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, &c., all largely reduced.

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20 dozen Shirts, size. 15½, 2s. 6d., worth 3s. 11d.
Plain and Fancy Shirts, to 10s. 6d.
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Fancy Ties, at nominal prices.

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Welsh, 1s, 6d. to 2s. 6d.
Imitation, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 4d.
Saxony, 10½d., 1s., 1s. 2d., 1s. 4d., to 8s.

CALICO DEPARTMENT.

500 Pieces 36 inch Longcloth .. .. .. 3¾d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3½d.
50 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 3¾d.
70 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto 8½d
10 Pieces Twill ditto 6½d
32 inch Longcloth in proportion.
50 Pieces Haircord Muslin.. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces Fancy Satin Stripe .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
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Soft Cords, 1s. 4d. to 2s. 6d.
50 Pieces ⅝ Linen Lawns .. .. .. 10½d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
20 Pieces ditto .. .. 1s. 11d. to 3s.
50 Pieces Nainsook .. .. .. 4½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 6½d.
40 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 4d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 10d.
15 Pieces ditto various, to .. 3s.
10 Pieces Nursery Diapers .. .. 4½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 5½d.
10 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 7½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 8½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s.
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Napkins, ready for use, 7s. 11d. to 21s. per dozen.
10 Dozen Towels .. .. 5½d.
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10 Dozen ditto .. .. 10½d.
5 Pieces Bird-eye Diapers .. .. 1s.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 1s. 6d.
5 Pieces ditto .. .. .. 2s.
5 Pieces ditto .. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.

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Several Hundred Yards Lace, 6½d., 8½d. to 5s. 6d.
Several Hundred Yards Real Valenciennes, 5½d., 6½d., 7½d., 8½d., to 2s. 6d.
Real Maltese Collars, 11½d., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto Cluny, 1s., worth 2s. 6d.
Ditto, ditto, 10½d., worth 1s. 9d., in great variety.
Real Coifs, real Berthas, real Handkerchiefs, &c., very much reduced.
Honiton Collars, Berthas, Laces, prices will astonish.
Several hundred pounds' worth of Imitation Cluny Laces, new patterns, low prices.
Black Falls, Pellerines, Jackets, Berthas, &c.

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18 Dozen Muslin Tie Handkerchiefs ....8½d.
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A very large assortment of Garibaldi Jackets, from 1s. 6d. to 25s. Purchased very cheap.
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Bodices, Muslin Crossovers, all new this season.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

40 Dozen.. .. .. 11½d. half-dozen.
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 2½d. ,,
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 4½d. ,,
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 6½d. ,,
50 Dozen.. .. .. 1s. 9d. ,,
50 Dozen.. .. .. 2s. ,,
And so on to .. .. 9s. ,,
Ready Hemmed .. 1s. 1½d. to 9s. ,,
Hem Stitched .. 4½d. to 5s. each
Sewed Edgings, Scollops, and Insertions, amounting to upwards of £2,000.
Every Article Marked in Plain Figures.

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A ZOOLOGICAL RAMBLE ROUND BELLE VUE.

[SECOND PAPER.]

WE left the badger in the sulks in his wooden box. Professor Wilson used to say that one of the brute creation might be excused for sulking, but that the human being who did so ought to be drowned. As Christopher had no deeper malice in him than that which found expression in bantering James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, this summary mode of dealing with a sullen person was only his playful and peculiar way of expressing himself. Old Kit North was fond of animals and field sports, but, although a man of genial and generous nature, he was liable to be misrepresented, and we once heard him described by a zealous bigot as "an irreligious man who spent the Sabbath day feeding his poultry!" We are inclined to make allowances for the surly treatment which we received from the badger, as the change of life is so great from the depths of the forest to a narrow wooden box and a little sawdust. Poor badger! No more midnight excursions in search of pignuts and other booty, no moonlight wanderings and sylvan glades, when the owl, the fox, and the polecat are astir. In the den next to the badger, are lodged a wild boar and sow from Japan. His boarship seemed quite satisfied with his lot, and lay grunting in his sty, apparently in as complete a state of sensual complacency and satisfaction as one of Mr. Peter Eden's prize pigs. Time was when wild boars abounded in Lancashire and other parts of the British Isles, and "pig-sticking" was pursued as a sport by the denizens thereof. This sport, which is very exciting, and attended with considerable danger, when the animal turns at bay, and, foaming with rage, charges his pursuers, is extinct in this country, but it is still pursued in some parts of Germany and Russia, and in Eastern countries.

Ascending the stone steps close to the dens we have been describing, we find ourselves at the top of the bear pits. In one pit there are two white Polar bears, in another two American black bears, and in a third two large brown Russian bears, one of which is our old friend with the lame paw, which is permanently disfigured. The other, we were told, was the homicide, who unfortunately killed his keeper last year. Whether it was the knowledge of this fact or not we cannot say, but we certainly felt an instinctive shudder, as, rearing himself on his hind legs and holding up his fore paws, he showed his great tusks, and grunted and growled at the spectators, with an expression from his greedy eyes which seemed to say, "just throw us down something, and if you have not a loaf or a piece of horse handy, one of those children looking over won't come amiss." The actor who played the bear in the pantomime at the theatre last Christmas, must, we fancy, have studied the idiosyncrasy of this bear very closely, for in his attitudes and general demeanour he reminded us of him very strongly. But, in fact, there is a strong resemblance between bears and some human beings; their cunning look, avaricious expression, and even their peculiar, shambling, slouching gait are identical with those of some people whom we see every day of our lives, but with whom we prefer not to transact business. The white Polar bears made short work of some loaves which their keeper threw them. They are supplied with a large tank in their pit, and it is refreshing to see them plunge in and emerge with the water dripping from their snowy and shaggy bodies. A small pie which was thrown into the water bothered one of them for a while. He could just touch it with his paw, but could not get hold of it. Standing on the brink, he made numerous efforts to pull it on shore, but it kept bobbing backwards and forwards and baffled his endeavours. He then plunged into the water and made a grab at it, but missed. Finally he dived down head foremost to the bottom, with the pie beneath him, and came up directly afterwards with it in his mouth.

Leaving the bears' dens, which form an interesting portion of the collection, and passing round the lower lake opposite the large open-air picture of the rock and town of Magdala, as we pause for a minute by the margin of the water, which is not occupied by water fowl, we suddenly become aware that some living creature has emerged from beneath, within a few yards of the spot where we are standing. What is it? It is the round bullet head of a brown seal, which roams at large in this lake, and is a great curiosity. His long slits of nostrils dilate as he inhales a copious supply of fresh air. Eyeing us for a few seconds, and discovering that we have nothing for him, he suddenly disappears, and comes up soon after, thirty or forty yards from the place where he went down. Besides this seal there is another specimen in the gardens, in an apartment with a tank in it. This seal lay on the brink of his pond, enjoying his afternoon siesta, and we never saw man or beast yield himself up to the influence of the drowsy god with more evident enjoyment. His was no deep sleep of total unconsciousness, but that exquisite intermediate state when the soul and body are steeped in the waters of Lethe and lapped in Elysian joys. Lazily opening his eyes occasionally and slowly closing them again, his somnolency became infectious, and had a similar effect upon us as a prosy sermon on a hot summer's afternoon. By word and action we endeavoured to coax him to move about, but it was of no avail; he merely attempted a lazy wink, as much as to say, "It is no use bothering, I'm not going to put myself out of the way for your amusement." The seal in the lake at Belle Vue disappeared on one occasion from his usual quarters, and turned up in the large lake, where he was discovered enjoying himself among the fish to his heart's content. If he had happened to come near the Polar bears, what an excitement must have arisen in that northern region. A seal is to a bear something like what fat turtle is to a judicious alderman, who, to use a vulgar expression, "knows what is what." The seal is a docile creature, and can be easily tamed. The one which used to be at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, and which died of swallowing fish hooks, was a most comical fellow. The way in which "Tom" used to jump ashore and gambol round his enclosure in a series of jumps, like the bumping of an inflated bladder, was most diverting.

The most enjoyable features of the Belle Vue collection are those where opportunities are given to the animals to pass their time much as they do in a state of nature. Thus, the bears in their tank, the seal in the lake, and the birds in the large aviary, are the most interesting to contemplate. The collection is somewhat deficient in pachydermatous animals. Visitors to the Regent's Park gardens must recollect the vast crowds which were attracted by the hippopotami, when they were first exhibited. In the large paddock at Belle Vue the proprietors have ample scope for improvement in this direction, but, as such animals as the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and the walrus,

are not easily obtained, we should like to see Mr. Jennison get possession of one or two otters and beavers. A young otter is easily tamed, and his amphibious habits are very entertaining. Considering that he is an animal which affords so much sport, he is little known to the public. Of all British sports, otter hunting is the most exciting. Taking place, as the meet does, soon after daybreak, when all nature is bursting into life and beauty, the influence on the spirits is most exhilarating. The "varmint" is on the move, and traces of him are soon found. The sagacity of the hounds, the challenging of the drag, the deep chorus of the pack, the excitement of the find, the maddening ardour of the chase, sometimes lasting six or seven hours, the vigour of the attack in the pool, when dogs and quarry go down together and get nearly drowned, the retreat of the otter into his holt or stronghold, the putting in of the terriers, and the battle which rages inside, the bolting of the animal, and renewed struggle in the water, until, finally taking to the open, the gallant beast is despatched, after a fierce struggle on land—these are incidents which constitute a feast of venery sufficient to glut a very Esau at wild sports. We hope, therefore, in time, to see one or two of these hardy animals at Belle Vue, where we feel sure they would prove attractive.

The large paddock is well filled with ruminating animals, which, at this season, are turned out to graze. Among these we saw a large dromedary, squatted on the ground beside a hot brick wall, possibly reminding him of the arid sands of the desert. There are also, in this field, a number of foreign sheep, goats, deer, and Indian and African cattle. Close to the paddock, at the end of the long range of cages, are the enclosures occupied by bisons. The male bison is a prodigious beast, and, we should think, is the strongest animal in the gardens, although in combat he would go down before the lion, and, possibly, even the leopard. When we look at the enormous girth of this animal at the chest and shoulder, we cease to wonder at the effect produced by a stampede of these wild animals across the plains.

Near the centre of the gardens, a new elephant house has been built. This is occupied by an Indian elephant, three-parts grown, and a Bactrian camel. The elephant rocks itself from side to side, in the manner peculiar to these animals, possibly to attract attention, as they seem always ready to receive anything in the shape of food. Even the small "baby elephant," which was at Knott Mill at Easter, had learnt the art and tricks of begging. An elephant can crack a nut as well as a monkey can, and removes the shell from its mouth with its trunk. As we did not happen to have anything eatable with us while inspecting the elephant, she soon seemed to comprehend the state of affairs, and commenced eating the straw which composed her bed. The camel and the elephant are occasionally taken out by their keeper for a walk about the grounds.

The long range of cages, adjoining the enclosure for the water-fowl, is open at each side, and their contents may be inspected under cover. They contain numerous birds and various specimens of pheasants, ostriches, eagles, vultures, herons, American cat-birds, wever birds, and other varieties. The eagles look rather disconsolate, perched upon a stone which forms but a poor substitute for the eyrie on the mountain top. The pea-fowl reminded us of ladies in full dress, with all their war paint on. Their complacency, and consciousness of their fine plumage, their graceful necks, and sweeping trains were quite "of the period." One of the peacocks is entirely white; he seemed to be the vainest of the whole lot, for he kept his tail erect and unfurled, strutting round and round before the spectators, as we have seen a vain, well-dressed woman do in a ball-room, to attract admiration. Place a peacock beside a pure well of water, where he can see his own image, and he goes through exactly the same movements which a lady in full dress does before a mirror.

Beside the long row of cages is the enclosure and lake occupied by the water-fowl. A small portion of this is set apart for the pelicans, and the remainder is tenanted by black and white swans, and a variety of Canadian, Spanish, and other geese and ducks. All these are in good condition, and, no doubt, receive many contributions in the shape of food from the visitors. This brings us back nearly to the entrance, but we narrowly missed some dens adjoining the museum, and under the printing-office. These contain several leopards, a wolf, a hyæna, and a few other animals. The leopard in a state of nature is a bloodthirsty animal, and will kill any number of deer, sheep, or fowls, for the sake of sucking their blood. The animals at Belle Vue are good specimens. The leopard has been a favourite subject of painters, and Rubens and other great artists have introduced him into their pictures. His sleek fur is beautifully marked with irregular spots, and all the motions of his lissom and supple body are gracefulness itself; but, like most animals of the cat tribe, his temper is not to be depended upon. He is the "bearded pard" alluded to by Shakespere.

PRIZE DAY AT OWENS COLLEGE.

OWENS College completed its eighteenth session, and held its prize distribution, last week. It is almost superfluous to remark that the operation of distributing prizes does not stand alone, but is, in reality, merely the crowning process, the climax of a series. Before saying anything of the ceremony, therefore, a brief explanation of the general work of the college, and the way the examinations are conducted, may not be altogether uninteresting or out of place.

The general instruction of the college is conveyed by means of lectures, delivered by the various professors, each lecture extending over an hour, and occurring once, twice, or oftener, in each week, at the times mentioned in the calendar. This applies to all subjects, except such as classics, when translation by the students, interspersed with explanatory and critical remarks by the professor, occupies most of the time devoted to the subject. Of these lectures each student is expected to take notes. The sort of notes taken depends entirely on the student himself. The notes may be full, legible, and useful, or, on the other hand, they may be very irregular and useless. Some students, in blissful ignorance of the fatal consequences, start the session with note-books not capable of holding one twentieth part of what ought to be written, and for the rest, trust to stray sheets of paper. But the more knowing ones, and those who really mean work, take care to provide themselves with manuscript books of a sufficiently large size. Practically, the final examinations turn upon those parts of the subject in hand which have been fully dealt with, or at least touched upon, in the class lectures. Hence it naturally follows that the student whose notes are fullest and most nearly perfect, who has acquired the greatest mastery over what has been noted, and at the same time possesses the power of putting his knowledge on paper with the greatest facility, has, *cæteris paribus*, the best chance of the prize offered. The calendar refers to monthly examinations as tests of progress made; these are, however, not held very regularly. In some subjects the marks, or a per-centage of them, count towards the final one; but this is not the rule. Marks are, however, awarded, and the examinees are classed, according to the number of marks given, so that some notion can often be formed as to what the result of the final examination will be. But the examination in June stands alone as the final and only extrinsically remunerative test of qualifications. Each examination takes place in the library, and extends over three hours. Every student, after entering the room, receives a printed paper, containing a certain number of questions, and has to sit down before some widely ruled paper, and write, to the best of his ability, answers to the questions. Very amusing it is to watch the first hurried glance, half eager, half doubtful, and wholly anxious, which

each casts at the paper as it is put in his hands. The dolorous faces of some tell a tale of misery; of sad surprise that parts of the subject, deliberately and of malice aforethought neglected as unimportant, or unlikely to be dwelt upon, should have been brought into prominence, or of hopes utterly collapsed. Others, by their briskness and eagerness to get to work, impress us with a conviction that they consider the questions within their power, and themselves fortunate. Those who have relied on cramming, and they are probably not few, and certainly not always the most unsuccessful, show unmistakable signs of having been up all night, and it is not at all improbable that they will discover that the selections they had marked to work up in the last hour, but which they have not been able to go through for lack of time, are of the utmost importance. Reflection and self-reproach are useless; they only waste time, and upset the nerves. The way in which the students proceed, after settling down to work, is often eminently characteristic. Some write at a terrific speed, as if the prize were offered to him who put down most words. They will go on writing to the extreme limit of the time, till they are stopped by the examiner, and will send up their papers without having had an opportunity of reading them, or of correcting errors. Some exhaust their knowledge in the course of an hour, and quietly leave the room. Others continue at work all the time, writing slowly, and carefully correcting each slip. Shortly after the conclusion of the three hours, such students as have occupied all the time fold up their papers, hand them to the examiner, and make their way out of the room. In the students' room they consult with each other as to the questions answered, and the manner of answering. The same processes, or something like them, are gone through at all the examinations, which extend over a period of about a fortnight. After the papers are given in, nothing more is heard of them, or of the result, till the day of the distribution.

In speaking of the prize day at Owens College, we may appear to a slight extent topographically inaccurate. Formerly, it is true, the prizes were distributed in the library, dubbed for the occasion the large or the common hall of the college. Of late it has been thought well to change the scene, so as to get the advantage of the large room of the Town Hall. Thither, on the morning of Friday, the twenty-fifth of June, about Eleven o'clock—an inconvenient hour of an awkward day for those with any sort of business engagements,—a miscellaneous but eminently respectable assembly was gathered together. Students of all sorts and sizes are there—some in a fidgety state of doubt as to their success, others calm in the certain knowledge that they have not the remotest chance of winning anything, and quite unable to sympathise with their comrade's anxiety. As the chairman and the professors come on the platform, they are greeted with a hearty cheer. The chairman makes a few remarks, more or less unintelligible, and then the Principal reads the report of the session just concluded. Mr. Greenwood's style of speaking is not adapted for a large room, and this, combined with the not particularly admirable acoustic properties of the Town Hall, makes it a matter of congratulation to those who are situated some distance from the speaker, that the attentive "Ile" has handed a printed copy of the report to each listener. In looking over the report we were impressed by the large numbers who enter, and presumably attend some of the classes. How seventy people can be crowded into some of the college rooms, is more than our knowledge of the laws of compressibility can decide. The sooner other and larger rooms can be placed at the disposal of the college authorities, the better it will be, not merely for the convenience, but for the health of all personally concerned. After the conclusion of the report, the several scholarships are awarded, and afterwards the ordinary prizes and certificates, which represent the reward of success in the classes. Each professor in announcing the result, makes a few remarks, and, unless he has written them, mostly becomes rather confused and unintelligible, and then gives the name of the winner of the first prize and certificate, followed by those who have won the other certificates. The prizes are valuable and splendidly bound books. As each successful student advances he is greeted with a cheer, loud and long, or feeble and half-hearted, according as he is well known and popular, or the reverse. We were particularly struck by the manful exertions of a certain row of students when any of their own set was called up, and by their dignity and profound silence at other times. This seemed a little mysterious, till we were told that they were the representatives of the Lancashire Independent College.

It is not our purpose to attempt a chronicle of the results. Are they not recorded (in very small type) in the columns of the local newspapers of last Saturday? One happy student had so many books that it became a matter of serious question how they were all to be conveyed to their ultimate destination. The proceedings were eminently decorous. The applause was carefully introduced at the right time, and was quite orthodox in kind. Evidently young Manchester, or rather young Lancashire, has not yet learned to distinguish itself as young Oxford so effectually does on the occasion of the annual commemoration day.

A VISIT TO THE SALFORD CATTLE MARKET.

THERE are certain subjects of which it may safely be predicted, before they are written upon, that writing upon them will produce a crop of correspondence. To the credit of the community, be it said, cruelty to animals is one of these. Amongst other communications concerning our recent article upon this subject, we have been informed—on very reliable authority—that the Salford Cattle Market sadly wants looking after. We can easily believe it. The very name conjures up visions of a brute pandemonium. We are told that many of the wretched animals consigned to it, are repeatedly left without water for three days together. If this be so—and there is no reason to doubt it—language does not contain words fitted adequately to condemn the state of things. It is devilish. It is, indeed, a realization of one of the ideal horrors of hell. And if to suffer that is awful, what epithet is suited to describe inflicting it? We have also been reminded of what it requires no authority to prove, but is evident to the eyes of all men every market-day—the sufferings endured by sheep and cattle, from thirst and over-driving, in the streets. The newspaper reports assure us of the operations of the Cruelty to Animals Society's inspectors during the past week. Let these officers impress upon their employers the necessity of procuring more drinking troughs about the town, and of making boors of drovers let their victims stop at them. These heartless ruffians are well acquainted with the appetite of thirst, but not with the distress of its being ungratified, if we may judge by the thriving appearance of the public-houses in the neighbourhood of their market. They may safely be trusted not to forget themselves, but they have to be compelled to think of other brutes.

Incited by our information, we have paid a visit to the Salford Cattle Market; and we are bound to say that, on the whole, we were agreeably disappointed. We saw nothing more than that average amount of cruelty which must always be where weakness is in the power of unchecked strength. But from the absolute impunity and liberty of the few abuses that came within our cognizance, it was evident that any number and any kind might have been, and doubtless often are, committed. As a rule, the animals were sparsely enough sprinkled in the pens; but there were not wanting—notably amongst the unfortunate sheep—several cases of overcrowding. It is impossible to judge of such a place from one short casual visit; but from the very nature of it, its incidents may justly be imagined. Surely, it is a fitting spot for the presence of one, at least, of those inspectors before mentioned, every market day. It was, so far as we could see, entirely free from control. The single trace of supervision that we met with was a notice about drovers' licenses, signed "George Brett, Town-clerk." This brings us to the only circumstance that excited our strong indignation. If drovers have licences, why is not care taken that those licences are granted to competent persons? It was against them that we revolted. Those men seem utterly unqualified for their work. Their idea of driving seems to be to yell, and run, and prod their droves, and set barking dogs at them, and strike them right and left. It is absolutely impossible for the spectator to understand in what direction they desire the animals to go—first hunting them in one, and then in another—and how they expect the animals themselves to know is probably a question it would puzzle them to answer. Their sole object seems to be, to beat and frighten them as much as possible. They are completely reckless in the use of sticks, which they are not fit to handle. They smite ten times as often as they need, and with twice the force there is the least occasion for. If they only want a sheep to move twelve inches, they hit it with all their might. Indeed they seem to be unable to refrain from

exercising their rods. They will strike a passing animal simply by way of doing something. The poor sheep are the most abused—beaten when they are struggling their hardest, prodded in one direction and thrashed for not going in another, seized by their hind legs, hit over their heads, tossed on their backs, and flung about. The favourite stroke appears to be, to hit them in the eye. The market crackles with their echoing skulls. And what makes the drovers' cruelty more aggravating, it is, in nine cases out of ten, completely purposeless. They smite about them uselessly. Their blows are both superfluous and wanton. They bring boys with them, too. Not content with their own incompetency, they must teach it others. And worthy of the masters are the pupils. Eagerly they imitate the bad examples everywhere about them, and they may be seen assiduously belabouring cows, or trying their 'prentice hands on sheep's skulls, after the worst models. Before your eyes their education in barbarity progresses. The animals, meanwhile, are wonderfully patient and docile. They do not need this treatment, in the least. If they only knew what was wanted of them, they would do it as obediently as possible; and of this, quiet treatment would inform them, incomparably better than the atrocious behaviour to which they are subjected. We only saw one case in which a blow would have been pardonable; and that was the case of a stupid cow—perhaps bemuddled with rough usage—which persisted in holding its wet and foam-flecked head in the full glare of the hot sun. But as, in that instance, a stroke would have been a kindness, the considerate drover, who was standing close to, withheld it. The art of driving cattle seems to be not yet discovered. The manner in which they are hunted along the road—particularly sheep, again—is a scandal on the farming fraternity. Instead of being driven uniformly, they are moved jerkily about, by having a succession of frights administered to them. This is the most exhausting method of progress that could be practised. Even the sagacious dog appears to lose a large part of his common sense, when he is set upon a drove of sheep.

Human coarseness cannot be altogether eradicated; but if licenses are granted to drovers, the corporation of Salford might do much towards mitigating the barbarities now rampant. We should dearly like to see a bevy of the present set brought up at the police court, and their licenses withdrawn by the municipal authorities. Vigilance ought to be exercised before putting it in the power of such gross men to torture beasts; and rigid supervision ought to be had over them after they have got their qualification allowed. Vegetarians eschew meat because they deem it cruelty to slaughter animals; but, often, slaughter is the tenderest mercy that can be shown them. It adds a relish to the beef and mutton of the dinner-table to think that the animal we are eating has at length been put beyond the cruel care of man, the king of animals—and not the king only—but the tyrant and oppressor, too.

SHAKESPERE ON HERONRY AND KNIGHTHOOD.

Lady Falconbridge: What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bastard: Knight, knight, good mother;—Basilisco-like;
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

I know a hawk from a Heron; pshaw!—*(new reading.)*

Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the jowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.

To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

"Good den, Sir Joseph!"—"God-a-mercy, fellow!"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter,
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion. * * *
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself.

THE BICYCLE MANIA.

FROM THE LADIES' POINT OF VIEW.

DEAR MR. SPHINX,—Amelia says we ought to put *Mrs.* Sphinx, but that *must* be nonsense, at least we hope so. We want you to do something, and you can if you will, to put down those *nasty horrible* velocipedes. They are getting quite unbearable, they really are! We girls are teazed out of our lives by them. You can't think what bother they have made in our house during the last few weeks. First, James, our eldest brother, went and bought one, and gave ten guineas for it; and Papa flew into a great rage, and said it was a piece of senseless extravagance, and so it was, I am sure,—ten guineas for a thing which is just two wheels, and a trumpery little saddle! Then Willie had one made at the works,—he is going to be an engineer, yon know—a common-looking thing. And now we poor girls have no one to take us any where. Mamma never gets out, except shopping and to church; and Papa gets, oh *so* cross, if we ask him to escort us to the gardens, or theatre, or any where; and, of course, Harry is too young altogether; and, besides, the child is actually wanting a bicycle himself, and making Mamma as nervous and fidgety as possible, by going down to some room to practice, and coming against pillars, and bruising himself all over, not to speak of wasting time and money, and getting complained of at the office. James and Willie used to go with us to all sorts of places, but now, instead of putting on their best things, and looking like gentlemen—and we used to take quite a pride in them, and to cut our best flowers to put in their button holes—they get into horrid little vulgar calico jackets, and hideous yellow gaiters, and set off to Bowdon or Alderley Edge, on their bicycles, leaving their sisters to stay at home and cry their eyes out, as we did last week when the 68th Band came to the Gardens, and there was no one to take us. But this isn't the worst. That same Saturday evening, James came back by the train, limping very much. He had gone and sprained something in his leg, and has been lying on his back ever since, and the doctor says he won't be able to walk for ever so long, and must wear elastic stockings, and I don't know what. (It ought to be, "*we* don't know what," but it doesn't sound well, does it?) And it has made Papa as cross as two sticks, for James is wanted particularly at business, and so we poor girls are bullied and scolded, as if it was *our* fault. And it's too bad!

And, dear Mr. Sphinx, did you ever see such figures as the men look when they are on their precious bicycles, with their legs going up and down for all the world like those dancing dolls you hold by the head, and jerk in all directions with a string? The mischief of it is, that all the girls' brothers we know, have caught the *mania*, as they call it, and there are only the old people left, and boys who are of no use at all. We assure you, Mr. Sphinx, that the engagement between that handsome young—no, we won't tell you his name—and a *very, very* dear friend of ours, Sophia . . . . ., has been broken-off through nothing but a nasty bicycle. He *would* persist in riding on one, spite of all she could say or do; he was always going off to places, when she wanted him; he had all sorts of accidents, and only laughed when she went on about it. The poor thing was actually silly enough to make herself quite ill about it, and then, like a good sensible girl, she plucked up her spirit, and told him he must choose between his velocipede and herself. And he *did*—the wretch! We should like to scratch his eyes out! And now he goes bicycling about, with a lot of male creatures, just as if he hadn't nearly broken poor Sophia's heart, as we hope and trust he soon will do his own ugly, gaitered, crooked legs—the good-for-nothing!

Oh, but *dear—dearest* Mr. Sphinx—*do* write a regular crushing article, and put them down! Just fancy at this time, when there are long warm evenings, and gentlemen are so wanted for croquêt and picnics, and promenades, and nice, *proper* amusements,—there the spiteful things are, kicking away on their bicycles all over the country, and if you meet your own brother he goes past you with a nod, and is a mile off before you have time to say a word. Amelia proposes, and we all agree, that there ought to be a Ladies' Society formed, with a proper committee and all that, to pay the men off. Let every member bind herself not to speak, walk, dance, or flirt with any male being who uses a velocipede:—we don't mean *now*, when the animals don't seem to want us, but all next winter, at parties and balls, when they will try

to make it up, and want us to forgive and be friends, and go on just as before. Perhaps, if you *really* are a lady, and a Mr. or Miss Sphinx, you would not mind becoming president of this society; and surely Miss Becker would do for secretary, and it would be far nicer for her than writing letters all day about rubbishy votes, which no girl cares two pins for.

Do this, dear Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Sphinx, and you will receive the eternal gratitude of

Your devotedly attached friends,

AMELIA,
FLORA,
LYDIA,
} T * * * * * *

P.S.—1. We quite forgot to tell you that when we were going to church last Sunday evening, we had to push our way through a perfect crowd of low vulgar people, who were watching ever so many of their companions on bicycles. Harry said they were practising for a race which is to come off in a few days. There, dear Sphinx, what do you think of this?

P.S.—2. Papa, and Mamma, and James have just read our letter. Papa says we should ask you to get the Chancellor of the Exchequer to lay a heavy tax on velocipedes; mamma, that the clergy ought to preach against them from the pulpit; and James, that we are three simpletons, and might have saved time and ink, for you won't take any notice of our letter; but he is wrong in both assertions, isn't he, dear Sphinx?

TO THE SPIRIT OF A LONG-LOST GRANDMOTHER.

Thou! who once my footsteps tended,
And screened my nonage from mishap,
Who, through right or wrong, defended
My tender—form—from birch and slap;

Hear me, loved and lost relation!
Deign to me the smallest scrap
Of authentic information—
Should'st thou deem it worth a rap!

Tell me—would the souls in glory
Cross Eternity's dark gap,
To relate a halting story,
With a tame and timid tap?

Can humbug mediums only make them
Spell their secrets on the flap
Of a table, and awake them
Out of a supernal nap?

Pundits, passed from mortal vision,
Nurst in earthly Wisdom's lap—
Do they now, in sheer derision,
At grammar's art their fingers snap?

Do medium "spells" their spelling flurry?
Can bliss or torment learning sap?
For e'en the shade of Lindley Murray
Merits the scholastic strap!

E'en Shakspere's rapping spirit jumbles
Forth some mis-spelt piece of clap;
And the ghost of Milton tumbles
O'er the orthographic trap.

Shade of my departed Granny,
Indulge once more the little chap
Whom you loved the best of any
In the halcyon days of pap.

Beloved, tho' antiquated lady!
Can you with proof these marvels cap?
—Silent!
Then their statements shady
I'll believe—not worth a rap!

WHY IS A POLITE DRUGGIST LIKE A RUDE ONE?—Because he dispenses with ceremony.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

IT was always pretty notorious that the Town Clerk never missed more than two occasions a week to go up to London. However Manchester business in Manchester may have been performed, Manchester business in London has always been thoroughly attended to. Indeed, so assiduous have been the services of the Town Clerk in this department of his duty, that his constant attendance in the great city has—strange to say—actually attracted the notice of the Queen, which is all the stronger, as she is never there herself to see who else is. The consequence is, that Mr. Heron is about to receive the honour of knighthood, in recognition of his services to the municipality. Of all the stories with a moral at the end, that ever we met with, none is more pleasantly instructive than that of Mr. Heron. In its poetical justice it is perfectly delightful. It makes one begin to believe that the world is really admirably ordered, when one sees how inevitably honourable distinction awaits a consistent career of journeys to London at a salary of £2,000 a year. Congratulating Mr. Heron upon his coming honour, we congratulate ourselves upon a valuable addition to the moral lessons of the period.

During the hearing of a case against the landlord of the White Lion Inn, Withington, at the County Police Court, last week, Mr. J. W. Maclure took occasion to remark that he had been at the trouble to come all the way from London on purpose to hear that particular case. We have failed, on our part, after much endeavour, to discover the relevancy of this interesting little episode in the domestic history of the Maclures to the case before the notice of the Court; and we should not have deemed it important enough for publication, had not Mr. Maclure's evident opinion that it was of sufficient moment to be publicly announced, induced us to suppose that there is in the circumstance a hidden import, which we ourselves are too dull to perceive, but which the superior astuteness of our readers may perhaps be able to discern. We never had a high opinion of the unpaid magistracy, but an incidental peep into the City Police Court, one day this week, nevertheless gave us rather a shock. We always thought the province of these political judges was to enunciate more or less absurd decisions—generally less, we must admit—to fine wretched prisoners "five bob," and to be absent from their duties whenever they are wanted. But the peculiar functions of the borough jnstices appears to be—to keep continually coming on the bench, with their hats on—to insist on interrupting the stipendiary, and distracting his attention by shaking hands with him, and trying to engage him in little bits of social conversation—to enter into a colloquy about their private appointments with an official below, conducted in a considerably louder tone than the business of the Court—to let enormous books drop on the floor, and then laugh heartily—to gossip together a little—to exclaim that they can't stop any longer—to walk off—their hats on all the time—and to tumble over Mr. J. W. Maclure, as they are going out. Meanwhile, the attention of the clerk below seems to be devoted to diving under his desk, and taking large bites out of a ham-sandwich, whenever the stipendiary isn't looking. We may have popped in at an unfortunate moment; but we confess, if we had been the prisoner—which, we may remark, we weren't—we should not have been consoled under our conviction, by an overpowering sense of the justice of our trial.

Theatrical managers ought to know their own business better than anybody else, and we have the authority of Mr. Frederick Younge for saying that they do; but it certainly doesn't look much like it, when we find both our theatres closing on the same day. One would have thought that the shutting up of the one theatre was the very time for the keeping open of the other. It is often said, however, that the maxim about supply creating demand, is especially true of theatres, and that two succeed better than one. The present policy of our Manchester managers would seem to be a confirmation of this theory.

Warning to Velocipedimaniacs. A gentleman, taking a country stroll on his machine in the neighbourhood of Hammersmith, was recently set upon by two indignant farmers, who punched his head.

The local magistrates (very properly) fined the energetic and staunchly conservative agriculturists. It may be very wrong, but it is impossible to help feeling a decided sympathy with those genuine John Bulls. There is a fine old English intolerance about their course of action, which is eminently pleasing. When one sees a great big bearded fellow, who ought to know better, sitting on nothing, striking out frantically with two straggling legs, holding on desperately to an ignominious handle, and trundling himself perspiringly along upon two wobbling wheels,—one does feel irresistibly impelled to smash his mad machine, and punch his idiotic head.

Great are the vicissitudes of literature. Mr. Gee has pertinaciously announced, for the last few weeks, the impending publication of an artistic advertisement of his wares, in the form of an essay on the head-coverings of humanity, from the versatile pen of the irrepressible Sa'a. Mr. Sala makes no secret of his readiness and willingness to turn the proverbial "honest penny" by any means whatever, but his precipitate descent to the level of the Manchester Milton, is indeed somewhat startling. We suppose that gentleman must at length have exhausted all the available rhymes to the name of his proprietor, numerous as they are, and ingenious as is the play of his delicate and poetic fancy. But is the choice of his successor a judicious one? Since Mr. Sala published his idea of Manchester, as seen from beneath an umbrella—Gee's, no doubt—on his way down Market Street—to Gee's, no doubt—the local popularity of the "scribe," as he delights to call himself, has been in jeopardy. But perhaps he may have modified his sentiments. Can no good thing come out of Nazareth? What does he think about the authors of Manchester advertisements?

RITUALISM IN MANCHESTER.

[ST. JOHN BAPTIST, HULME.]

WE are not among those who affect to sneer at Ritualism. We do not believe that such terms as "bowing and scraping," "mummery," "man-millinery," "playing at Rome," *et hoc genus omne*, are at all applicable to one of the most remarkable religious movements of our day. Without at all embroiling ourselves in a religious controversy, we are content with merely stating our opinion that the ritualistic party in the Church of England have fairly earned their title to be acknowledged belligerents, and must, therefore, be accorded all the rights of war. Though this army is a small one it is a brave one, and what is more, well officered. Even their enemies must confess this much. Though their uniforms may occasionally be gaudy and bright, it is well known that some of their most brilliant successes have been won by men in the plainest clothes. Ritualism does most certainly mean work, and no one can be even nominally a ritualist without devoting a certain amount of time and labour to the undertaking.

Ritualism in Manchester may be said to be represented by the Rev. P. Marshall, of St. John Baptist, Hulme. Many would no doubt put down Mr. Sedgwick as the "highest" churchman in Manchester, while others deem St. Mary's, Moss Side, to be next door to Rome itself. Neither St. Alban's nor St. Mary's can be compared to St. John Baptist's in this respect. Mr. Sedgwick is of too uncertain a temperament ever to take a decided position at the head of any movement. His utterances, too, are so doctrinally variable. Mr. Woodhouse, again, is too coldly Anglican to attract much outside sympathy, nor does he ever give much prominence in the pulpit to peculiarly party tenets. Mr. Sedgwick may preach up Confession, and ostentatiously air a few of his sentimentalities, but thoroughgoing men like Mr. Marshall are after all the real fighters in the battle now going on before our eyes. Secure by his position as Rector from legal annoyance from the Bishop, nothing has occurred to hinder the development of ritual at St. John Baptist's. The very church itself has ably seconded its priest's efforts. Long drawn nave and aisles, spacious chancel, and far less architectural sham than is common in our city churches, all seem at once to suggest a grand service.

A great deal of a clergyman's success depends on whether he himself is a gentleman or no. Now Mr. Marshall is essentially a gentleman, and his congregation both know it and are proud of it. No matter what Mr. Marshall's views might be, he could never be rude or intolerant to other workers in his Master's vineyard, however misdirected he might deem their efforts. His sermons are good, forcible, and scholarly—churchy, of course, and perhaps containing strong meat occasionally; but then the congregation at St. John's cannot now be called "babes." Last Thursday week was a high day at St. John's. It was, in fact, the feast of St. John Baptist. We attended both morning and evening services. Mr. Nugee, of Wymering, was the celebrant in the morning, and also the preacher in the evening. Both services were choral throughout. Our readers will know that the Office for Holy Communion is the service amongst ritualists. It is to them the time when their Lord is more peculiarly present than at any other. At the consecration He is present subjectively, if not objectively, and where He is there is He to be worshipped. Holding such views as these, can we wonder that ritualists think no outward honour can be thought too great to be paid to such a presence? No altar can be too richly decked, no chancel too profusely decorated, and no priest's robes too magnificent. What are technically called the "vestments" are not in use at St. John's. The congregation, we suppose, has not yet felt itself rich enough to provide them. In their place short surplices are worn over cassocks, the only coloured ornament being the stole, which, instead of being of the usual black colour, is either white, red, purple, or green, according to the season. The ends of these stoles are embroidered, as are the borders and the centres. We cannot just now describe the use of the various colours, but on Thursday white was the colour, both for altar, frontal, and stoles. On a ledge behind the altar, on either side of a gilt cross, were vases of flowers, and the two candlesticks, in which were unlighted candles.

In celebrating, the rules laid down in the noted *Directorium Anglicanum* were generally followed. The priest stood in the centre of the altar, and to his right and left were the deacon and sub-deacon, all with their backs to the people except where directed otherwise by the rubric. At certain parts the assistant priests engaged themselves behind Mr. Nugee. After consecrating the elements, Mr. Nugee knelt down, bowing very low, which he also did after he himself received the bread and the wine. In taking the cup into his hands, he raised it on a level with his face. Very few men communicated, and these few after the women, of whom there were a goodly number. We wondered whether all these ladies were fasting, for if not they broke one of the church's rules most insisted on by their leaders. We have not been present at an ordinary Sunday celebration, but it was evident from the slight confusion during this part of the service that the ritual was higher than the customary use at St. John's.

The church at evening prayer was densely crowded. The congregation consisted of all classes. We even noticed one demure, though pretty, Quakeress, who evidently entered heart and soul into the service. The choir was greatly augmented from St. Alban's, and the singing much improved thereby. All the tunes were Gregorian, and were sung in unison. Though Gregorian music is not so sweet as Anglican, its effect is much grander, and it can much more easily be sung by the whole congregation, and does not occupy so much time When Mr. Nugee entered the pulpit he turned to the east, and, after invoking the Trinity, commenced his sermon, which was preached from the text I. Thessalonians, chap. 2, v. 4, "As we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts." It was a splendid sermon; not one word in it that could prove offensive or a stumbling-block to any Christian. Its burden was, that Christ's kingdom was not of this world. The preacher, referring to the events of the day, said that he thought the church ought to look quite calmly on even disendowment—nay, perhaps, welcome it—for he was sadly afraid the church had too often taken the tempter's bait of worldly riches. Then he went on to remind them, as stewards and trustees of God's commandments, of their general duties; and wound up with a strong appeal for the Sisterhood of St. Mary the Virgin, lately established in the parish. In person, Mr. Nugee is "thorough" looking. He is not handsome, but he has a good head, and no word conveys so well the

impression his physiognomy made on us as the above word "thorough." To call such a man a milliner would be simply absurd.

We had almost forgotten the procession. The clergy entered the church at the north-west door, preceded by the choir, and a cross-bearer. Two of the choristers bore banners, and all sang as they marched up the church. They marched out, after service, in the same order, and the "Onward, Christian soldiers," they raised, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it.

Two things should be altered before next St. John's Day. The old woman, who would keep rushing in and out every time a poor child peeped in at the door, must be nailed to her seat. The equally irrepressible curate, Mr. J. N. Bromehead, ought not to be allowed to wander about the chancel, distracting everybody's attention. We thought a professed ritualist would never so far have forgotten "decency and order."

THE MATCH BETWEEN LANCASHIRE AND SUSSEX.

LANCASHIRE:—Mr. A. N. Hornby, Mr. F. W. Wright, Mr. F. S. Head, Mr. W. Hardcastle, Mr. E. T. Bousfield, Mr. E. B. Rowley, C. Coward, J. Ricketts, R. Iddison, W. Hickton, F. Reynolds. First Innings, 143; Second Innings, 277; Total, 420.

SUSSEX:—C. Payne, H. Charlewood, H. Killick, S. Wells, J. Lillywhite, R. Fillery, Dummer, Humphreys, C. Charlewood, J. Southerton, G. Shoesmith. First Innings, 196; Second Innings, 120; Total, 316.

IF we may judge by the number of important matches which have taken place within the last fortnight, the cricketing season has reached its height. About a fortnight ago, the Broughton Club met the United South of England Eleven, and vanquished it. Such matches are not, in our opinion, interesting or scientific, and the cricket is scarcely legitimate. However, if popularity be an unfailing criterion of importance, they must be considered highly important. The result of the match—unexpected by many—may either be regarded as a triumph for old fashioned slow underhand bowling, or for the puzzling effect of some phases of our local atmosphere. At times during the play it was as dark as in the gloomiest haunts of the Black Country. The match proved that the love of cricket—supposing that to have been the motive of assembly—is by no means on the decline amongst the ladies of Broughton. The next week included no fewer than four great matches; to wit, the University Match; Yorkshire *v.* Surrey; Gentlemen *v.* Players; and finally, Lancashire *v.* Sussex, at Old Trafford. In this last, the readers of *The Sphinx* generally may be expected to take most interest.

The names of the Lancashire team raised an impression amongst the learned in such matters, that batting was its especial forte, and that in that department, if anywhere, it might be expected to distinguish itself. When the first innings closed for the comparatively small score of 143, things looked anything but bright. A compliment should be spared for Southerten's very effective bowling. The balls are slow round arm, pitched high, and with an extraordinary way of breaking back on the wicket, which is very trying to the nerve of the batter. The close of the first day's play left the Lancasterians in the deepest deep of gloom. Only one wicket of their opponents was down, and the runs had mounted to a very unpleasant total. Surely black clouds never lowered, and drizzle never descended on such a display. The ragged flag, which on state occasions keeps watch and ward over the place, might have been expected to rend itself in despair. The bowling was weak and inefficient in the extreme; wicket keeping there was none, and the fielding all round was hopelessly bad—it was utter demoralization. The ball might have been greased, or have been gifted with some of the deleterious properties of a red hot cannon ball, to watch the eagerness with which almost every fielder kept out of its way, allowed it to pass through his hands, (or legs) and declined to pick it up without three or four unsuccessful attempts. After making every allowance for the unfavourable state of the weather, the exhibition was positively disgraceful. On Thursday morning things were not quite so bad, but it is certain that the large score of the Sussex was as much owing to the weakness of the bowling, and the looseness of the fielding of their opponents, as to the excellence of the batting. The batting of Messrs. Hornby and Wright, on Friday night, was admirable. For the first time they seemed to get quite at home with the bowling, and the drooping spirits of the Lancashire spectators revived wonderfully. One of the Ormskirk gingerbread sellers—there were at one time no fewer than three vendors of that more or less delicious edible on the field—who seemed to be gifted with an encyclopædic knowledge of the public and private life of each of the players, openly and loudly expressed his approval of the play of the "Parson and the Lawyer." Though morning brought early separation, Mr. Wright continued to bat in a brilliant fashion, and finally carried out his bat for a score just equal to that made by the whole of the Sussex eleven in the second innings. The second innings of the Sussex proved the truth of the adage, as applied to cricket, that nothing succeeds like success. The fielding of the Lancashire team altered altogether in character, and became very quick and wary. The almost cat-like vigilance of Mr. Wright, and the wonderful quickness of Mr. Hornby in following, picking up, and throwing in the balls, could not be surpassed. As in the other county match, the result was everything that could be desired.

The number of spectators seemed more numerous than on the last similar occasion. Owing to the interesting position in which the match was left on Friday night, on Saturday there were more spectators than we have seen for several seasons. The game was also watched by a number of people who had by some means gained admittance into the grounds of the Agricultural Show—which completely environ the Cricket field—and climbed to the extreme height of the Grand Stand. During the whole time the cricket was played to a running accompaniment of ringing bells, shrieking whistles, and unearthly noises, proceeding from various stationary engines. On Saturday afternoon things were made still more lively by the near presence of Artillery Volunteers, who fired away their big guns with extraordinary diligence, and made noise enough to cause nervous people, who were unprepared for the shocks, a succession of unpleasant sensations.

THE *ATHENÆUM.*

"BUT that in which the lowest MANNER has been attained, is that institution of which the largest boast has been made—the Press! There is a large number of papers in wide circulation which are evidently conducted by men who have no conception how a gentleman does or ought to act. Shameless misrepresentations, creeping and venomous calumnies, a lowness of tone that can only be characterised as an intellectual blackguardism, these are the attributes of some of the journals which are both popular and admired."

This extract from the MS. preface of a friend's book upon Chesterfield may be read when we come to consider a journal—taking that name loosely—which is neither popular nor admired, which has more enemies than it has readers, which is hated by all authors by whom it is not despised, and which is perhaps praised only by its own clique, and its (it is said very ill paid) staff, which is contemned by the very publishers who support it, and which yet contrives to make for its owner a very excellent income, about eight thousand a year out of advertisements, for it is, we believe, no secret that the actual sale would not repay expenses. And yet when we look at the Miscellany in question, we shall perceive that it is not merit of any kind that makes it known, and that makes it pay. As they say of one who falls into sin, it is not the temptation that was strong, it is you who were weak, so it is not the merit of the *Athenæum*, but the fact that there is no other paper to take its place that gives it life. It exists from a literary *vis inertiæ*. There it is; it has not, usually, an interesting page, nor a well written paragraph in it; it is as dry, and a great deal drier, than the philosophical prefaces of John Dryden, or the critical exercises of John Denis. It is never generous, and always spiteful. It punishes a poor young fellow for having written a book, like a magistrate a boy who has committed a theft; it fawns on the strong, it crushes the weak. It "puts its foot down" against some man and then for ever after strikes him; it has little scholarship, except when pumped in for special purposes, and it is wofully wanting in sweetness and light. It does not understand its own interest, which would rather be to encourage authors, if merely for the sake of swelling its own advertisements; but it sits like a little Maximin defying the gods, and rattling peas on a drum, the noise of which it believes to be thunder. Before manifest success it grovels; it believes

Dickens to be a genius of the first water, and lately declared Browning, whom it had formerly disastrously sneered at, to be the greatest genius that the world has seen save Shakespere, indeed, in points, above Shakespere! Next to successful authors it mostly favours fools, as the German saw has it,

Wieber, Glück und Gold,
Sind allen, Narren hold,

like the other powerful ones in the world. It and the *Times* continually notice with applause the most rubbishing novels, by women chiefly, which die out before the season is half over, and disappoint all those who are misled by criticism to read them. It has hardly (and we are speaking without the slightest acerbity, for the present writer's works have been praised as well as blamed by this organ) it has hardly—so far as we know, never—done any service to literature. Its angry follies and spiteful words have been the straws that have broken the back, and heart, of more than one literary camel, but it has never raised to eminence one author of merit, and yet it is the leading critical journal of England, accepted in America, quoted in France, believed in the Colonies, cited in India, and consulted by the savage colonists of New Zealand.

Stay, it has done one service—it has made all sensible men reject partizan criticism, and it has deprived—with its great exemplar the *Times*—laudatory notices of their selling power. Faint not nor grow pale with envy, young poet or scholar, when Mrs. Slipslop's novel, *The Murdered Casual*, gets three columns in the *Times*, and four in the *Athenæum*, they will not sell the book, and the deceived publisher, like Horace's fond youth, shall curse the day when he was beguiled to buy and to publish.

And yet the paper we write on has a history—of a sort. It was started forty years ago, by Mr. Colburn, and one J. Silk Buckingham, an adventurous traveller, fond of starting papers, magazines, and clubs. It soon earned the name of the *Athenæum*, and struggled on for a year or so before John Murray advertised in it. It was of the same form as now, but, as one may say of a successful Jew, hardly so fat and oily. Its sixteen pages of advertisements were represented by a tender shoot of three columns, one of which only looked as if it were paid for. In fact, it was an opponent of the *Literary Gazette*, which then flourished. In its second volume it called itself the *Athenæum and the Literary Chronicle*, and shortly afterwards passed into the editorial care of John Sterling, the son of the thunderer of the *Times*, and the subject of Carlyle's biography. In his hands it endeavoured to be just, and sometimes generous; and some learning, clerical, but not always orthodox, was infused by two clergymen—good men, but heavy editors—who succeeded Sterling; these were Frederick D. Maurice and Henry Stebbing. The work, under the care of these gentlemen, began to stagger. It is no secret that clergymen are the worst editors in the world. The *Literary Gazette*, then the flourishing rival of the *Athenæum*, perished under the heavy hand of a clerical editor. So bad were its prospects, that Mr. Colburn, generous man, abandoned it, and old Mr. Dilke, a man of discernment, pluck, and, we have heard, generosity, kept to it. His son, C. W. Dilke (the late Sir Wentworth, and the cautious, clever, rising Dilke of Dilkoosia and South Kensington), was installed as editor, and the critical journal began to make way as a paying concern. A poet—a generous and a tender one—the late Mr. S. K. Hervey, being the really working editor, and doing what he could, when the proprietors did not interfere, fairly and honestly. But, in course of time, somebody else was wanted to "put the screw" upon authors and publishers, and a young Manchester man—one who had been connected with a literary institute in that town, who had introduced himself to Douglas Jerrold, and was introduced by him, and to whom all honour is due that can be due to one who steadily rises—Mr. W. H. Dixon, was chosen as his successor. Since that time the journal has certainly advanced in place and power, although its editor is one of the "best hated men" in London, or in England. It was scarcely possible that this should not be so. A really first-rate editor, like the late Douglas Cook, of the *Saturday Review*, would have made his journal quite as incisive—quite as cruel, if you will—and yet have obtained the respect of all men. But Mr. Dixon, although very persistent, and skilful enough in his way, has not that talent; the *Athenæum* has become the organ of a clique, a synonym for unfairness. We heard it said that it made dead "sets" against publishers; that it does against authors no one will attempt to deny. Mr. Bouncer, cries one, publishes his books by Messrs. Wood and Sables, hence those publishers get let off easily; Mr. Trenchant, who upset Bouncer, publishes with Bacon and Bungay: henceforth, let Bacon and Bungay's beware. Thus, the literary organ is at once hated and despised. Its prevailing spirit is what is called "bumptious;" it is very bad cyder at the most, and it vaunts itself as the finest champagne; everything it does is with a certain strut and pretence. From its court it allows no appeal, and yet it continually makes the grossest mistakes. Pamphlets have been issued by the dozen combating the decisions of the young Ammon of the Press. It has been shown that the editor and his helpers have a habit of laying their fingers on a mistake, which they themselves make, and attributing it to the author; it has been proved, over and over again, that the notion of criticism which the managers of the *Athenæum* possess is the windy and braggart demonstration of their own power, not of the excellencies or the faults of the book under review. This is the case even with articles that are otherwise smartly and fairly written. Take, for instance, one of the best reviews that has lately appeared, that of Foster's *Life of Savage Landor*, of June 5th, after reading which an ordinary man will get up and say, "Why, *this* is the man who ought to have written the life; he knows all—John Foster knows nothing." But the man of letters knows that the author is beaten with sticks from his own hedge; that all the plums in the article are stolen from the author's pudding; that, in fact, the article is made up from the book, and that John Foster is not only stripped of everything, like the man who fell among thieves, but that he is beaten and abused into the bargain. This is not a solitary instance. The *Athenæum* is continually giving plenty of occupation—in the case of murdered and plundered authors—for the good Samaritans of to-day. It is only men of essentially small minds who could do this. "It is consoling," said a well-known *litterateur*, "to know that these bravoes work for small pay." Messrs. Westland Marston, Cordy Jeaffreson, Barry Knight, Maccarthy, and others, are said to be the chief contributors to the paper. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is the chief Parisian correspondent; and it is pleasant to remember that to Douglas Jerrold the present editor owed his first introduction to Mr. T. K. Hervey, and the *Athenæum*, which has been personally to him so valuable an aid and an advertisement.

Reviewing what we have said, we find it difficult in so short a space to express our sorrow at the misdirection taken by criticism in this country. Almost every young author feels as amongst his most pressing wants that of a true and kindly critic, but as a rule English authors are first soured by neglect, and then spoilt by injudicious praise. Pope was but a boy when he imitated from Boileau and Horace that *Essay on Criticism* which contains so many homely hints which all critics neglect. And he, we remember, asks—"where is the man who counsel can bestow?" Where is the critic

> Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite;
> Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
> Though learn'd, well bred: and though well bred, sincere;
> Modestly bold, and humanely severe:
> Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
> And gladly praise the merits of a foe?

But our noticers of books—we except, gladly except, those of some few papers—may as well read the passage for themselves, in the 632 line, *et seq.*, of Pope's admirable work. That books must be subordinated to criticism all must allow. It were well, says Milton, that the state should keep a sharp eye "how bookes demean themselves," for they "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them." And he adds, with a prophetic outburst, "As good almost kill a man as kill a good booke. * * Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good booke is the pretious life-blood of a master-spirit, imbalmed and treasur'd up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great losse; and revolutions of ages doe not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse." Judged, therefore, by the high standard of a critic's duty, by Pope and Milton, judged from its arrogance and its ignorance, its assumption, and the mistakes naturally consequent on its assumptions, we believe that, while the *Athenæum* has been for forty years a successful trade organ, it has, for the latter half of that time, exercised an influence on literature and literary men which is as humiliating as it is deplorable.

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THE BIRDS.

One day in the bluest of summer weather,
Sketching under a whispering oak,
I heard five bobolinks laughing together
Over some ornithological joke.

What the fun was, I couldn't discover—
Language of birds is a riddle on earth:
What could they find in white weed and clover
To split their sides with such musical mirth?

Was it some prank of the prodigal summer—
Face in the cloud or voice in the breeze—
Querulous cat-bird—woodpecker drummer—
Cawing of crows high over the trees?

Was it some chip-munk's chatter—or weasel
Under the stone wall, stealthy and sly?—
Or was the joke about me and my easel
Trying to catch the tints of the sky?

Still they flew tipsily, shaking all over,
Bubbling with jollity, brimful of glee—
While I sat listening deep in the clover,
Wondering what their jargon could be.

'Twas but the voice of a morning the brightest
That ever dawned over yon shadowy hills;
'Twas but the song of all joy that is lightest—
Sunshine breaking in laughter and trills.

Vain to conjecture the words they are singing,
Only by tones can we follow the tune;
In the full heart of the summer fields ringing,
Ringing the rhythmical gladness of June.

DR. PARKER AS "THE CANDID FRIEND."

THE Rev. G. W. Conder delivered the customary address to the students of the Lancashire Independent College, at the annual meeting on Wednesday. The Rev. Mr. Smith moved a vote of thanks to him. The Rev. Dr. Parker, in seconding the motion, said he had heard Mr. Conder deliver the same address sixteen years ago. He (Dr. Parker) had been often refreshed and stimulated by the remembrance of the earnest and wise counsel it conveyed. (Hear, hear.) The resolution was adopted, amidst applause.

Mr. Conder, in responding, said it was true that the address was the same as he had delivered to the students sixteen years ago. When he was asked to address them on this occasion, he sat down to compose a speech, but he found the former manuscript, and, having read it, he did not think he could write anything better.—(Laughter, and "Hear, hear.") He had intended to make that fact known; and Dr. Parker had only anticipated him (as he had supposed some kind friend would do) by a few minutes. ("Hear, hear," and laughter.)

In the course of the meeting it was announced that Dr. Parker was about to leave Manchester for London; that Professor Rogers had ceased to be president of the Lancashire Independent College; and that Professors Scott and Newth had been appointed joint presidents of the College.

Mr. Smetham, the author of the article on Blake in the *London Quarterly Review*, has sold his picture of the Last Supper, now in the Royal Academy, for 300 guineas.

PATTI.—Madame Patti should have sung at the Covent Garden Opera on Friday last. At the last moment it was announced that she was suffering from a severe hoarseness, and could not sing. The severe hoarseness which prevented her from appearing at Covent Garden, did not, however, disable her from singing before the Prince of Wales and the Pacha of Egypt at Marlborough House the same evening, where, indeed, it is said she never warbled more clearly and enchantingly.

PUNS AND BURLESQUES.

IT may be worth while to consider how it is that the sort of proverbial literature which Mr. Spurgeon has tried to revive is so much out of date. It survives, if at all among us, only in its worst form, in the melancholy productions of the weekly comic press, and in the burlesques of our modern London theatres. The emblematists of old Teutonic art have of late years been looked at, but they have met with little approval. The fact is, that quibbles, verbal or pictorial, irritate sound taste. Hobbes spoke of laughter as a sudden glory; but puns and forced antithesis, and mere verbal joking, are addressed to the lower faculties. It is the mere ear, or the mere eye, which is affected; and the inward man rebels at this pandering to the senses rather than the faculties. It is not a sudden glory, but a sudden contempt, which is provoked by the acrostic-mongers, punsters, and the writers of travesty. As we listen to a burlesque of the present day, we feel, or fancy that we feel, something of the ineffable smallness of intellect, the minute misery which it must cost a professor of the art of quibble to torture and contort words, and to debase thought, by grinding articulate speech into puns. We resent the affront, and scorn the tedious ingenuity. This sham humour addresses only a barbarous, or at the most a half-educated, stage of the human mind; or—which it is to be feared is our own case—it flourishes in the lower empire age of popular intelligence. A taste for burlesque is a sure sign of intellectual decay.—*Saturday Review.*

WIDOWS.

IT is an article of Folk-lore, especially in the northern counties of England, that turtle-doves pair for life, and that on the death of the one the other pines away and dies. From Lope di Vega's play, *La Dama Melindrosa*, we find that the same idea is current as part of the Folk-lore of Spain also:—

Lisardo. The turtle-dove, when widowed, will not sing,
Nor wed again, nor perch on the green boughs.
Tiberio. Then pray where does she perch?
Lisardo. On withered boughs,
On thorns.
Tiberio. On thorns? Egad, you're right! The dove
Affords a faithful illustration of your state.
For certainly—if we may judge by signs—
So restless are they and so fidgety—
Widows do sit on thorns.

THE LATEST LADIES' FOLLY.—Ladies are becoming enamoured once more of unnaturally small waists, and they are using tight lacing as a means to obtain them. Periodically the tight lacing rage seems to set in, and continually ladies have to be warned that in producing taper waists they may bring on consumption, crooked shoulders, and a train of other evils. But the warning is heeded only for a time, and then forgotten. They want to have some one continually urging them to care more for health than for very questionable beauty. That is beautiful which is natural; by implication that which is unnatural is not beautiful.

STAGE AND PULPIT.—The building in King William-street, West Strand, London, which, after having gone through the intermediate stage of serving Mr. Woodin as his Polygraphic Hall, has just been opened under the title of the Charing-cross Theatre, is the same which for some years served the Oratorians of St. Philip Neri, under Father Faber, as their home and chapel, and in what then was the chapel, but now forms the pit, Dr. Newman delivered, in 1850, his celebrated lectures to Anglicans.

DRILLING FOR A FUNERAL.—The *North Lincoln Sphinx* is a periodical conducted by the soldiers of the 2nd Battalion 10th Foot, now at Secunderabad. The printing, the work of the soldiers themselves, would be creditable to professional workmen. The following story is worth quoting:—"The drill-instructor—one of the old stamp of martinet-sergeants—who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a sergeant's firing party through the funeral exercise. Having opened the ranks, so as to admit the passage of the supposed *cortège* between them, he ordered the men to 'rest on their arms reversed.' Then, by way of practical explanation, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he moved, 'Now I'm the corpse—pay attention.' Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinising eye for a moment or two; and then remarked in a most solemn tone of voice—'Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you 'avn't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave.'"

"Act not that folly o'er again!"

Longfellow.

Act not that folly o'er again—
No more a heavy hat procure—
No more such never-ceasing pain—
Such heat and want of fit endure!
Act not that folly o'er again,
But crown thyself with perfect ease—
A light and yielding hat obtain,
Such as are but supplied at Gee's!"

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Public Notices.

LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—SUMMER ARRANGEMENT OF EXPRESS TRAINS FOR BLACKPOOL.

The public are respectfully informed that on and after July 1st, a New Express Train will leave Manchester for Blackpool at 4-30 p.m. daily, arriving at Blackpool at 5-45 p.m. This Train will leave at 1-15 p.m. on Saturdays.

A New Express Train will also leave Blackpool for Manchester at 8-15 a.m. daily, arriving at Manchester at 9-30 a.m.

Superintendent's Office, Victoria Station, Manchester, June 30th, 1869. By order.

LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—NOTICE.—SATURDAY AFTERNOON THIRD CLASS TRAINS to the SEASIDE.—The Public are respectfully informed that for the accommodation of those parties who wish to spend SUNDAY AT THE SEASIDE, Third Class Trains will leave the Victoria Station, Manchester, every Saturday afternoon until further notice, commencing Saturday, July 3rd, for SOUTHPORT, at 3-30 p.m.; and for BLACKPOOL at 4-10 p.m. Returning on Monday mornings from Southport at 6-15 a.m., arriving in Manchester at 7-30 a.m.; and from Blackpool at 6-15 a.m., arriving in Manchester at 8-50 a.m. By order.

Superintendent's Office, Victoria Station, Manchester, June 25th, 1869.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.—NINE HOURS AT THE SEASIDE. — SOUTHPORT, WATERLOO, BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, AND FLEETWOOD. — This Company is now prepared to make SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS for the Conveyance, at Low Rates, of Mill Hands, Members of Mechanics' Institutions, Provident and other Societies, Sunday and Day Schools, &c., to any of the above delightful Watering Places. Parties guaranteeing 300 Passengers can secure a Special Train for the day.

Particulars of Fares, and any other information, may be obtained at the Office of the undersigned.

HENRY BLACKMORE, Superintendent.

Victoria Station, Manchester, June 7, 1869.

HIGH OR LOW CHURCH.—The preacher at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, on Sunday alluded to the dissensions of the present day, and told a story on the authority of John Henry Newman. A naval chaplain, he said, who had long been out of the reach of English theological discussion, was eagerly asked on his return home by a partisan, whether his floating chapel was High Church or Low Church. "That," said the chaplain, "entirely depends on the tide."

Speech by a successful competitor for a prize of a foot-race:—"Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester

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For the accommodation of the large and increasing number of Subscribers who receive the *Sphinx* by post, it is now published on Friday afternoon, so that copies can reach any part of England on Saturday morning. The terms (free by post) are as follows:

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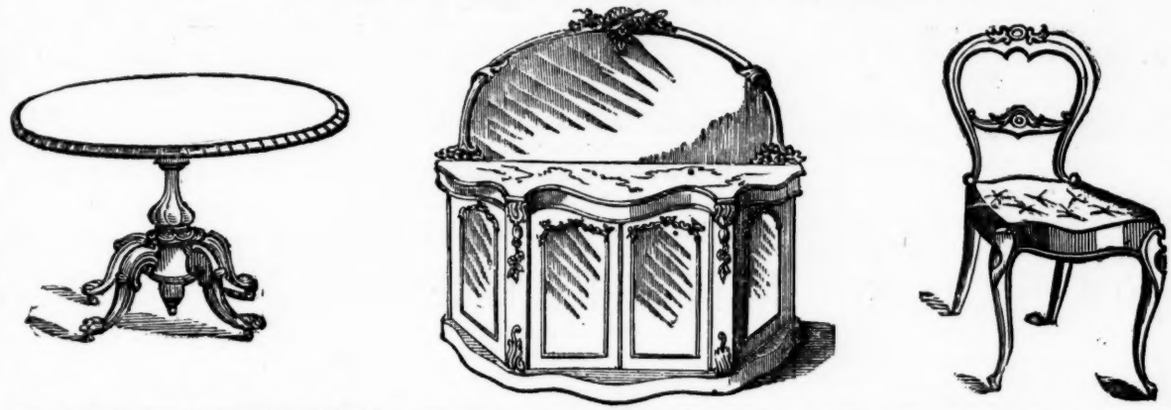

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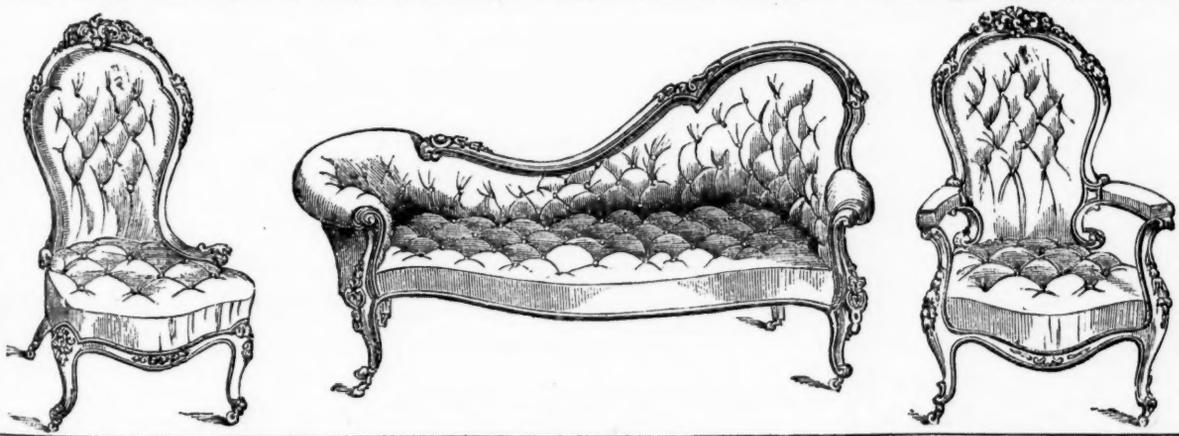

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H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
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VELOCIPEDES of the best construction and workmanship, at JOSEPH HALEY'S, Machinist, 10, Corporation-st., Ducie Bridge, Manchester.

YORKSHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Established 1824.
JOHN NELSON, 61, Piccadilly, AGENT.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.
NOTTINGHAM RACES.
JULY 13th and 14th, 1869.

THE following Service of TRAINS run between MANCHESTER and NOTTINGHAM, by the MIDLAND COMPANY'S Direct Route, viz.:—
MANCHESTER TO NOTTINGHAM.
MANCHESTER (LONDON ROAD), *dep.*—6-55, 7-10, 9-45, 11-25, 1-0, 3-30, 5-30, 6-20.
GUIDE BRIDGE, *dep.*—7-5, 7-23, 9-55, 11-40, 1-10, 3-40, 5-40, 6-33.
NOTTINGHAM, *arr.*—9-15, 10-50, 12-5, 3-10, 3-50, 5-55, 7-50, 10-30.
NOTTINGHAM TO MANCHESTER.
NOTTINGHAM, *dep.*—7-10, 7-50, 9-25, 11-30, 12-35, 2-40, 5-50, 7-20.
GUIDE BRIDGE, *arr.*—9-55. 11-31, 12-4, 2-30, 2-50, 4-55, 7-55, 9-30.
MANCHESTER (LONDON ROAD), *arr.*—10-5, 11-45, 12-15, 2-40, 3-0, 5-5, 8-5, 9-40.

First and Second Class Return Tickets between Nottingham and Manchester are available for two days, viz., the day of issue and the following day. Third-class Single Journey Tickets are issued between Nottingham and Manchester by all Trains.
A Cheap Excursion Train for one or two days will leave Manchester (London Road) on Tuesday Morning, July 13th. For particulars, see bills and other advertisements.
JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.
Derby, June 30th, 1869.

THE "Main" Printing Offices.
J. G. KERSHAW & CO.
LITHOGRAPHERS & LETTERPRESS PRINTERS,
BY STEAM POWER,
Patent Ledger & Account Book Manufacturers
37, OXFORD STREET,
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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
BOOKWORK,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CLUB RULES, &c.
PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL
SHOW CARDS, WINDOW and DOOR BILLS.
PLACARDS,
And HANDBILLS, in every variety of style and size.

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
Head Office, 37, OLD JEWRY, LONDON, E.C.
Realised assets exceed (1868) £1,120,000
Annual Income (1868) 320,000
Payments under policies (1868) 875,000
Cash bonus divided (1863) 200,000
Proposal forms to be obtained on application to the Society's agents; or to F. Allan Curtis, Esq., Actuary and Secretary.
AGENT: MR. WILLIAM BIRCH,
5a, BATEMAN'S BUILDINGS, BLACKFRIARS, MANCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED 1833.
HARGRAVES'
TOBACCO AND CIGAR
MANUFACTORY,
44, SWAN STREET,
AND
2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, MASON STREET,
MANCHESTER.
HARGRAVES'
SMOKING MIXTURE,
In 1 and 2 ounce Packets.
All Tobaccos (including Irish Roll) guaranteed genuine, and free from Adulteration.

67, Oldham-st. Agent: J. HODGSON.

THE STRONGEST MAN in the WORLD
CANNOT BREAK THE
EVERLASTING
Porpoise-skin Boot Laces,
MADE BY
GILL & Co., 12, Brewer-st., Golden-sq., London, W.
Price 1s. per pair; by post 14 stamps; 6 pairs for 5s.

FRENCH DUBBING.
THIS Invaluable Composition possesses the properties of preserving Leather, rendering it supple and waterproof. It is identically the same Dubbing as that used by the best curriers in Millau (Aveyron). BOOTS, SHOES, and HARNESS are particularly benefitted by its application.—Sold Wholesale and Retail by W. GILL & CO., Curriers and Leather Sellers, London.—Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per can, or 60s. per cwt. in casks.

MANCHESTER: Printed and Published by the Proprietor, JOHN GEORGE KERSHAW, at 37, Oxford-street, in the parish of Manchester, and of 1, Stanley Terrace, Moss Lane West, in the parish of Manchester.—Saturday, July 3rd, 1869.

3 JY69

J. E. HAYDOCK, Has one of the largest Assortments of Watches, Gold Chains, &c. in the city, 12, Albion-st., Gaythorn.